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PUCK
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Cartoons and Comments

THE DROMIOS OF POLITICS. THE Democratic Party is inexperienced; it may be ignorant; it has yet to prove itself capable. But it is a fortuitous circumstance that nobody in recent years has considered it worth bribing. —George Harvey in the North American Review.

We do not know how recent, in the mind of Colonel HARVEY, "recent years" are, but it was certainly during the Republican régime that the Sugar Trust contributed to both parties alike, and in local politics we distinctly recall that both parties received liberal donations, if sworn testimony counts for anything, from the New York traction interests. These, of course, are but isolated instances, but they serve to show very clearly that although the Republican Party, by corrupt bargains and alliances, may have betrayed the people with systematic regularity, the Democratic Party, as an organization, was playing a mighty good second-fiddle all the time. Only of very, VERY recent years has it been necessary for a Democrat in office to show some other proof of his democracy than the mere party label. In the old drama of partisan politics, the Republican machine was the star and the Democratic machine the extremely capable support in all of the minor rôles.

THE other day a gentleman of martial tendencies was deploping the lack of military spirit in this country. He mentioned a number of reasons for it, and they were all interesting, but it seems to us that there was one reason of growing importance which he left out. We heard a good deal during the Spanish-American unpleasantness of "the man behind the gun," and there is no doubt that he is a force to be reckoned

with; but there are other men, much more powerful than the men behind the guns, who for lack of a better name may be called "the men behind war." There have always been such men, and they have always represented large interests, but common folks formerly did not know them as well as they know them now. Knowing them, they also know that, except in cases of national self-defence or resistance to invasion, wars are waged because the men or interests behind them want something, and they are quite willing that the young manhood of

their country, to the music of fife and drum, should go out and get it for them—getting shot, probably, in the act—while *they*, the financial powers who move public officials as chess-players move pawns, are largely represented among the yachting fleet in the Mediterranean, well out of the firing zone. That is, if they have n't patriotically sold their yachts to the Government at a fair profit for dispatch-boats. When the British were marching out of Boston on the road to Concord, and an American mother put a gun in her son's hands and said "Go," that was one thing; but putting a gun in a son's hands and saying "Go," just because "the men behind war" want, for instance, the coal-fields of China—that is another thing; and people know it.

IN DETROIT, a fortnight ago, to save the life of a man he had never seen before, JOHN WYSNER, a motorman, allowed two quarts of his blood to be pumped into the impoverished veins of a victim of anaemia. "I don't see why I should be made a fuss over," he said afterward, "I only did what was fair." People had made a fuss over him, it seems; he who, by his own account, had more than enough blood, and who voluntarily gave up some of it in order that another man might live. If people make a fuss over a full-grown, hearty man who voluntarily gives up two quarts of his blood in order that a sufferer may not die, how much more of a fuss ought people to make when weak, stunted, ill-nourished children from grim necessity give up their very lives in order that the employers of child-labor may thrive and grow fat, physically and financially?

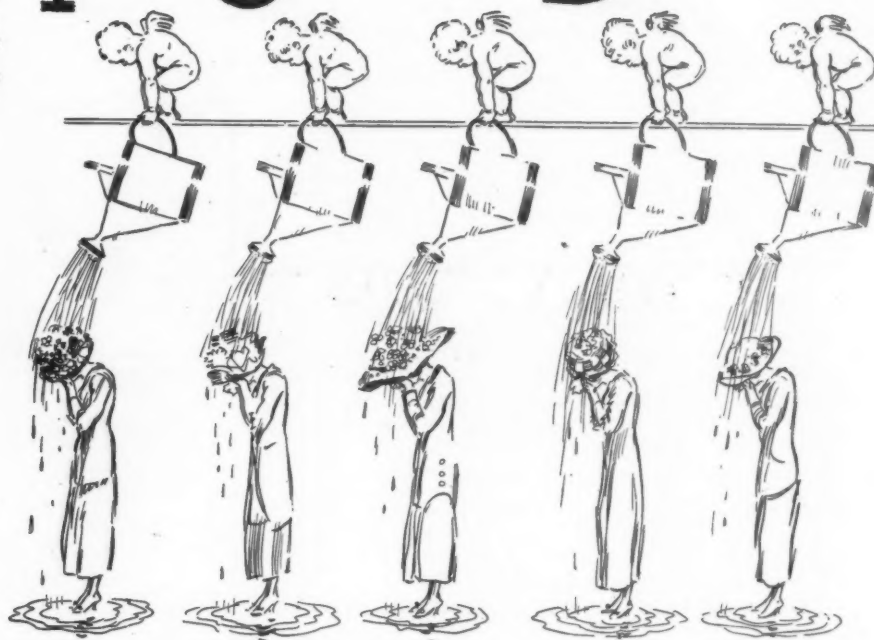


FAUST AND MARGUERITE.

A CARTOON THAT MAY OR MAY NOT PLEASE OUR STAND-PAT FRIENDS.

PUCK

THE SACRED BONNET



LITTLE drops of water,
Little specks of dirt,
Make an April border
On my Lady's skirt!

Still she smiles serenely,
(Thus the Springtime woos!)
Though the April splashings
Touch her dainty shoes!

If they touch her bonnet!
Rose, and frill, and lace!
Lo! An April shadow
On my Lady's face!

Charles I. Junkin.

THE DEVIL.

"It's all right, bruddren and sistahs, to hate the devil," remarked good old Parson Bagster, in the course of a recent sermon, "but don't overdo yo'se'fs and get all hett up at it, uh-kaze why: In de fust place, de gen'leman wid de hawns and stickery tail has been hated by so many people a heap-sight mo' 'pawtant dan yo' is—cuhnels and majuhs and kings, and

all dat—dat he's plumb usen to it and don't keer much. And, in de second place, in hatin' de devil yo' may git to thinkin' yo' whole duty is done, when, right yuh wid yo' am a lot o' things dat yo' kin hate wid consid'able mo' profit.

"If yo' has any hate to spare, hate yo' lyin' and yo' cheatin'; hate yo' guzzlin' nigger gin; hate yo'se'f when at de revival yo' moans and groans wid one hand 'bout de sins o' de world uh-whilst wid de yudder yo' keeps a glad eye fixed on de shapeliness o' yo' neigbhuh's wife. And, long's yo' at it, yo' mought take a little whirl at hatin' dis yuh penny-stinginess dat won't dig up for shinglin' dat 'ar hole in de pahsonage roof dat lets de rain sozzle down on de devoted heads o' yo' pastah and yo' pastahress.

"Yass! Hate de devil, but save some o' yo' hatred for yo' own shawt-comin's and orneriness! De choir will now vocalize." Tom P. Morgan.

ALWAYS.

MRS. HIGHUPP.—The Judge decreed that they should be separated, never to see each other again.

MRS. BLASÉ.—Are they?

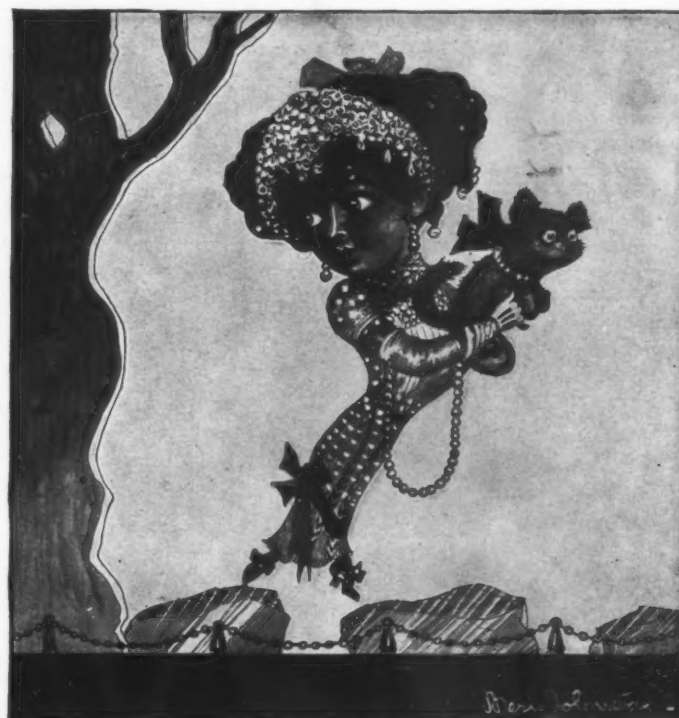
MRS. HIGHUPP.—Yes. They are living next door to each other in a New York apartment-house now.

If a man is cheerful under his neighbors' woes, and his neighbors are cheerful under his, that is an eminently practical reciprocity, and it results in a good deal of cheerfulness, first and last.

NO DANGER.

CITY COUSIN.—But, Cousin Eben, you can't go to the party in those clothes. Your grandfather wore those at least forty years ago.

COUSIN EBEN.—That's all right. You don't suppose there'll be anybody at the party that saw him in them, do you?



ELIZA AND LITTLE HARRY.

WHEN SOCIETY GIVES "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" FOR CHARITY.

It's always unfortunate when two people want the same thing. Particularly if it's to get married.

THE BACKSLIDERS.



ONCE upon our sins we brooded—(some of us—we trust
that *You* did);
But, now Lent is quite concluded, we have put our
broodings by:
Once again we lightly revel with the world, the flesh,
the devil,
Once again we find our level—which was never very
high!
Oh, you Violets and Graces! Oh, you hats and gowns
and laces!
Oh, you sweet and lovely faces! Oh, you tresses puffed
and curled!
Eyes are bright beneath their lashes, life again with glory
flashes!

Gone the sackcloth, gone the ashes!—Oh, you good old wicked world!

Spring, the young and kind and tender, sheds upon us all her splendor;
Nature is a glorious spender—why not join her in the show?
Therefore we're in gladdest raiment, though the tailors wait for payment,—
Where was ever human clay meant to resist this vernal glow?
Love, with his cherubic troop hid, finds the Lenten season stupid,
But when Spring comes—Oh, you Cupid, how your pinions are unfurled!
Easter!—what a welcome this is—Oh, you cosy-corner Misses,
Oh, you laughter, love, and kisses! Oh, you good old wicked world!

Oh, you sinners, gaily calling with a cadence most entralling,
You have got us falling, falling from our cold and high estate;
How our resolutions alter as we lay aside our psalter,
How we half-way skip and falter in our dim religious gait!
Oh, you primrose path inviting! Oh, you sights our eyes delighting!
Oh, you gay old loving, fighting, laughing life in which we're hurled!
Oh, you game of many chances, circumstances, and romances!
Oh, you tune that each one dances—Oh, you good old wicked world!

Berton Braley.



EASTER PARADE
OF THE POWERS.



THINGS THAT HIT OUR FUNNY-BONE.

THE VILLAGE LOAFER SINGING "WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING."

OLD AND NEW.

CHattel slavery was abolished because it was too honest,
too frank. It was especially abhorrent to the nutmeg
manufacturers of New England. That the labor of the Negroes
was exploited was a fact so apparent that anyone could see it.
Such a situation was not in keeping with a highly organized
civilization with the motto: "Hide your graft under a bushel."

Even the Negroes themselves would have seen it before
long and clamored for liberty. But we were too smooth for
them. We freed them from uncivilized, barbarous, direct
slavery, and put them with other laborers into the class of
civilized, indirect, wage slavery. We lowered them from
their favored position, and put them down with the white
laboring men. Now, we don't have to watch the Negro any
more than the white man

himself. He has the
appetites; we have the
wherewithal to ap-
pease his appetites.
He has to come to
us for board and
lodging, and if we
need him we see
that he supports us
well for what he
gets. If we don't
need him we let
him go—to free-
dom.

Ellis O. Jones.

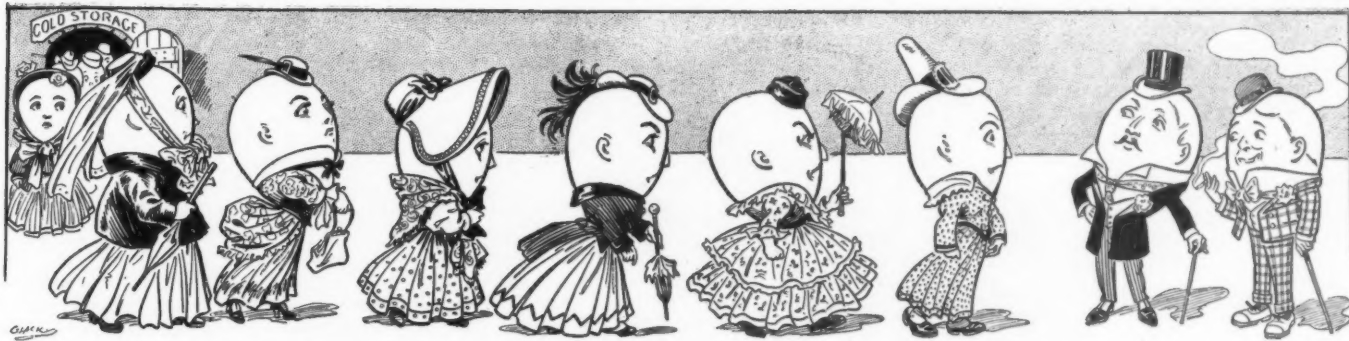
MACK.—I understand
that Van Dyke has
been dropped by Society.

WYLD.—Yes, he made him-
self unpopular because he paid
his debts instead of his social
obligations.



WHY NOT THIS?

The aristocracy of intellect does not by any means include all the people who
sincerely believe they belong thereto.



IN THE DIM AND DISTANT PAST.

YOUNG ROTT.—Gee, look at what's coming out of cold storage! Did you ever see such out-of-date clothes in your life?

YOUNG SPOTT.—Hush, don't laugh. Those clothes were in style, no doubt, when they went in.

A DEPOSED TYRANT.

"I would like to look at some towels, please." The clerk never moved. He was idly watching the crowd in Bargain Square.

"I asked you to show me some towels," repeated the customer with some impatience.

"Do you want to look at something? Why did n't you say so?"

"I did, I——"

"You did not!" stormed the young clerk, as he slammed a pile of linen upon the counter.

"How much are those?"

"Fifty cents."

"Why they are only marked thirty-five."

"What do you know about it?" sneered the salesman.

"Do you think you can come in here and teach us how to run our business?"

"The lady is right," corrected another clerk. "The towels are thirty-five cents."

"Then I will take four," announced a white-haired customer, as she fumbled in her wrist-bag.

"Don't keep me waiting all day for the money," grumbled the man behind the counter, and the woman nervously produced a two-dollar bill.

The crowd began to move from Bargain Square to the linen counter; the youth handed the woman her parcel.

"Where is the change?" she asked.

"There is none coming. You only gave me one-dollar-forty — even money. Get out of the way and let other people get near the counter." But instead of obeying she proceeded to argue about her change.

The clerk grabbed her by the arm, and when

she tried to extricate herself he tore her sleeve. The floorwalker wrathfully approached the counter. "See here, young man, if you want to clerk for this firm——"

"Clerk? Oh yes, I forgot," replied the employee. "Excuse me, ladies. You see, I was a street-car conductor."

Eva Osler Nichols.

SLOTH AND DILIGENCE.

SLOTH said to Diligence: "You work too hard. For two days now you have been busy plowing that field. I hear Ingenuity has invented a plow driven by steam. Why not get one to plow for you while you sit with me in the shade and enjoy life?"

Diligence bought the plow which would plow a field in a fraction of the time it had taken him to do it; but, instead of sitting in the shade, he put more land into cultivation, and it took all his time to attend to the plow and see that it worked properly. When harvest time came he had more to do than ever on account of the new land he had cultivated.

Harvest over, Sloth went to pay Diligence a visit, saying to himself: "Now he will have a little more time to talk to me." But he found him conferring with Ingenuity in regard to a larger, more powerful plow that he might next season put still more land in cultivation.

Moral: There is no cure for diligence.

Walter G. Doty.

HYPNOTIC.

MARGARET.—I think Mr. Baker could easily hypnotize people.

KATHARINE.—Why do you think so?

MARGARET.—He often holds my hand till it falls asleep.

INEVITABLE.

HUSBAND.—Why do you ask Mr. Hobson to every one of your dinners? Who wants him?

WIFE.—The cook. He's the only friend of ours whom she likes.



AN ILLUSTRATED TEXT.



THE PIÈCE WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING.

THE GOVERNOR IN "OUR TOWN."



HIS, Governor," said the chairman of the Entertainment Committee on the occasion of the Governor's first visit to Bloomingburg, "is our Methodist church, built in 1842."

"Ah, indeed?"

"Yes; and in the next block is our Court-House, the corner-stone of which was laid on the tenth of July in the year 1864. It cost sixteen thousand dollars exclusive of the land. It has gas, and you will observe that it has the only slate roof of any building in our fair little city."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yes; and right across from the Court-House is our Town-Hall, erected in 1825. It is the oldest public building in the town, and it stands just as it did when it was first erected, with the exception of the roof and an addition of fifteen feet in the rear. Otherwise it is just as it was when it was first built."

"Is that so? How very interesting!"

"That one-story brick building over on the next corner was our first school-house. It was built in 1820, and was used as a school-house until the close of the Civil War. Then a larger and more commodious house was built, and twelve years ago we put up the present building of five rooms which I will show you later in our drive."

"I shall be very pleased to see it, I am sure," quoth the Governor.

"Across the street from it stands a house with a good deal of a history, for it was the home of a first cousin of the wife of President James Monroe, and he stayed over night in the house a short time before his election. If we had a little more time I would show you the room in which Monroe slept. His wife's cousin died a number of years ago, and the house is now occupied by a grand-nephew of hers who is the leading druggist in our town."

"Very interesting, I am sure."

"This square red-brick house to the left is the home of our postmaster. He is one of the solid men of the town. Owns a number of shares of stock in our bank and also is part owner of our hotel block. You will meet him at the reception we are to tender you this evening. The large white house next to the postmaster's is the home of our leading drygoods merchant. He



BY THEIR WORKS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.

VISITOR.—Could I speak with the Parson for a moment?

SERVANT.—Oh, if I disturbed him now he'd take my head off. He's writing a sermon on "Self-Control."

came to our town a poor boy forty-five years ago and is now sole owner of the Drygoods Emporium. I think he employs as many as ten or twelve in help, and he is the fourth largest taxpayer in town."

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yes; he pays taxes on an assessment of almost thirty-five thousand dollars, and he started out in life as an errand-boy fifty years ago. Shows how a man can succeed in a country like ours. The oldest resident of our fair little city lives in this house. Eighty-six years old in May. Has all her faculties, never misses a Sunday at church, and can read without glasses. You will meet two of her sons this evening. The president of the school-board resides in the next house, and I will show you the residence of our leading minister in the next block. The vacant lot is the site of the first house in our town. That slight depression in the ground is all that is left of the cellar-hole."

"Indeed? Most interesting, I'm sure."

"The wealthiest woman in our town lives in that story-and-a-half white house with the green blinds. A distant relative of my wife. In fact, we call her our Cousin Mary, although she is only second cousin of my wife's father. Does a great deal of good with her money. She gave ten dollars to foreign missions this year and has offered to be one of five to give ten dollars each for a drinking-fountain and watering-trough in the front of the post-office. The lady who lives in the next house is the literary lady in our town. Perhaps you have seen her poems in *Zion's Banner* and *The Mother's Guide*. Her great-grandfather was a good deal of a writer, so she seems to have come honestly by her literary talent. This is our basket factory. Employs as many as twenty hands in the busy season."

"Is that so?"

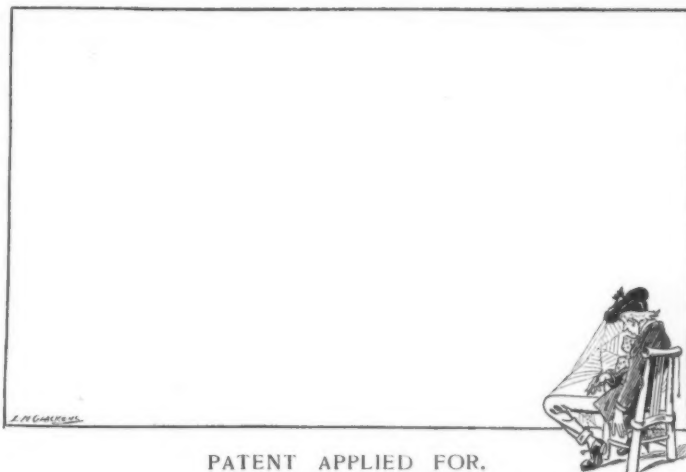
"Yes. Now we will drive over to the other side of the city, where I will show you our water-works and gas-plant and suspender factory."

"Pleased to see them. Delighted!" M. W.



EASTER SUNDAY—ON THE WAY TO MOSQUE.

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YUMPING YIMINY. WHA



YIMINY. WHAT A YOLK!

PUCK



WEEK BEGINNING APRIL TENTH.

Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Pl. Academy of Music Stock Co. in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.
Astor, Bway and 45th. "The Boss," with Holbrook Blinn. Evening 8:15. A play of labor conditions.
Belasco, Bway nr. 44th. "The Concert," with Leo Ditrichstein. Evenings 8:15. Americanized version of a German farce.
Bijou, Bway and 40th. "The Confession," Evenings 8:15. A modern religious drama.
Broadway, Bway and 41st. Lew Fields in "The Henpecks," Evenings 8:15. A musical panorama in nine pictures.
Casino, Bway and 30th. Louise Gunning in "The Balkan Princess," Evenings 8:15. An imported musical novelty in three acts.
Collier's Comedy 41st bet. Bway and 6th Av. William Collier in "The Dictator," Evenings 8:30. A revival of William Collier's comedy.
Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.
Criterion, Bway and 44th. "Thais," Evenings 8:15. A dramatization from the opera of "Thais."
Daly's, Bway and 30th. Tom Wise in "An Old New Yorker," Evenings 8:15. A new play of local life.
Empire, Bway and 40th. William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes," Evenings 8:15. From the stories by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.
Gaiety, Bway and 46th. "Excuse Me," Evenings 8:15. A Pullman carnival in three sections.
Garden, 27th and Madison Ave. Mildred Holland and company in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.
George M. Cohan's. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence-man.
Globe, Bway and 46th. "Little Miss Fix-It," with Nora Bayes, and Jack Norworth. Evenings 8:15. A comedy with songs.
Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Evenings 8:15. From stories by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Hackett, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Over Night," Evenings 8:20. A new farcical comedy of matrimonial mix-ups.

Hammerstein's Victoria, 42d St. and Bway. Art-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.
Herald Square, Bway and 35th. "Every Woman," Evenings 8:15. A modern Morality play.
Hippodrome, 6th Av., 43d and 44th. "Marching Through Georgia," Evenings at 8. Spectacular and circus acts.
Hudson, Bway and 44th. Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow," Evenings 8:30. A farcical romance by Avery Hopwood.
Irving Place. Irving Place Theatre Stock Company. In repertoire. Evenings 8:15.
Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. Bessie Wynn, Ernest Pantzer & Co., Madame Desson, and others. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.
Knickerbocker, Bway and 30th. Maude Adams in "Chantecler," Edmond Rostand's dramatization. Evenings at 8.
Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Christie Macdonald in "The Spring Maid," Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy.
Lyceum, Bway and 45th. Minnie Maddern Fiske in "Mrs. Humstead-Leigh," Evenings 8:15. An American comedy by Harry J. Smith.
Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Deep Purple," Evenings 8:15. A play built around the badger game.
Majestic, Bway and 59th. "Baby Mine," Evenings 8:15. A comedy farce.
Manhattan Opera House, 34th and 8th Ave. Emma Trentini in "Naughty Marietta," Evenings 8:15. A comic opera in English.
Maxine Elliott's, 30th St. nr. Bway. "The Gamblers," with George Nash. Evenings 8:30. A drama of Wall Street life.
Nazimova's, 30th St. nr. Bway. John Mason in "As a Man Thinks," Evenings 8:15. A new play in four acts by Augustus Thomas.
New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady," Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy founded on "La Satyre."
Republic Theatre, 42d near Bway. Frances Starr in "The Easiest Way," Evenings 8:15. Eugene Walter's play of to-day.
Shubert's New Winter Garden, 7th Av. and 51st St. Musical Revue with Kitty Gordon, Mizzi Hujos, and others. Evenings at 8. Continental idea of vaudeville.
Wallack's, Bway and 30th St. "Pomander Walk," with the original English company. Evenings at 8:15. A comedy of happiness.
Weber's, Bway and 20th. "Alma, Where Do You Live?" with Truly Shattuck and John McCloskey. Evenings 8:15. A German farce with music.



NO COMPLICATIONS.

SPAT.—What's the matter with the little snob?

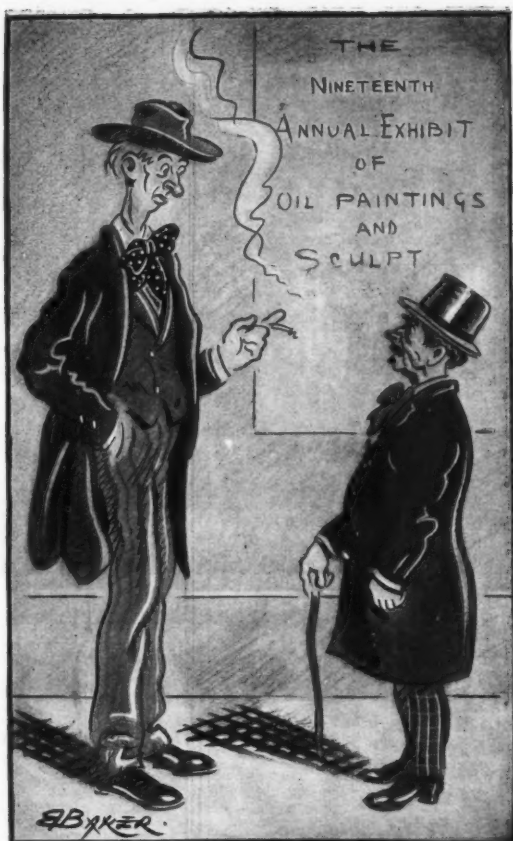
TATTERS.—Oh, the doctors have got him scared into thinking there's something wrong with him, but he just has an ordinary case of *fleabitis*, that's all.

FITTING.

"DID your nephew make a suitable marriage?"
"Yes," replied the man who habitually thinks along erratic lines. "He has curly blond hair, and has never done anything more herculean than to pick flaws on a guitar, and—well, he married a female baseball-player."

A Wayside Shrine.





WHOSE?

ARTIST SMALL.—Did the Committee hang my picture well?
ARTIST BIGGAR.—Very well, indeed; on a level with the eye!

HER SIN.

WE watch her, churchward speeding,
A sight for gods and men,
Both heathens, and hence needing
The more such faith to ken;
Surely, no anguish harries
Her soul—no crime, nor wrong!
Oh yes—one sin she carries
That makes her join the throng!

More than mere fault or error,
And yet—she loves it so—
She flaunts this thing of terror
That all may see and know.
We can but gaze and shiver,
And, as we breathe our prayers,
We plead: "May Heaven forgive her
The sort of *bat* she wears!"

Madeline Bridges.



PERSUASIVE.

FAR from concealing anything of pertinency to the issue, the old serpent freely confessed that, if Eve should eat the apple, it meant clothes from that time forward.

"But," he argued, and never more cogently, "clothes will be something to talk about when you are tired of the weather and don't happen to be brainy!"

And the first mother, bethinking her how many of her daughters were destined to find themselves in such-wise circumstanced, thereupon yielded the point, with what result is only too well known to the present generation of mankind.

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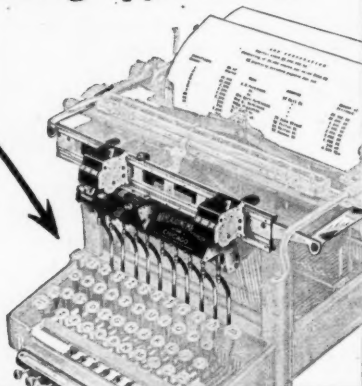
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Medicinally Pure!
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ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

HE LOST.

An East End hostess tells us of a young man who apologized for being late to a dinner-party.

"We're so glad you got here," she said to him. "But where is your brother?"

"He has commissioned me to tender his regrets. You see, we are so busy at the office just now that it is impossible for both of us to get away at once. So we tossed up to see which should have the pleasure of coming here to-night."

"How original! And so you won?"
"No," he replied absently. "I lost."
—*Boston Traveler*.

A SKIRT divided against itself cannot endure.—*Columbia State*.

Milo
The
Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY

At your Club or Dealer's
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.

OLD DOMINION LINE

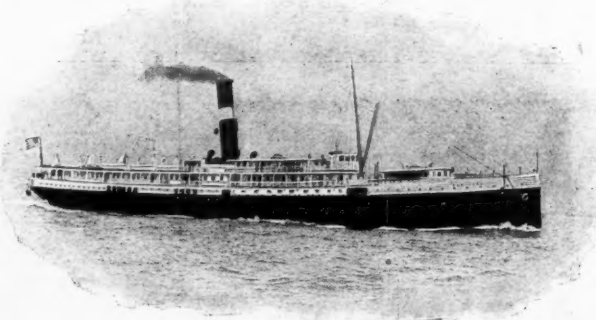
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"The impossibility of irrigating the dark interior stands as a barrier to extensive settlement in Australia."—*English Critic*.

"Impossibility of irrigating the dark interior!" What nonsense!

—*Sydney Bulletin*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.



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PRONOUNCE

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

THE HIGHEST
STANDARD
OF
EXCELLENCE

Guaranteed under
the Pure Food Law

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

SHE.—Yus, she's a Christyedelfian—it's a noo religion, she says. Wot is it, 'Arry?

'ARRY.—Well, 'taint 'xactly a religion—it's like this 'ere: 'Sposin' you got the stomick-ache; you says, "Stomick-ache be blowed. Aint got no bloomin' stomick-ache"—an' y' aint. 'Least, that's what they says. 'Course, it's all pickles, reely.—London Sketch.

The Oldest
Inhabitant
says—

"It's just as
good now
as when
grandfather
drank it—over a
hundred years ago"

Old Overholt Rye

A centurion Whiskey with
a spotless reputation for
goodness and purity

Distilled and Bottled
in bond by

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



"Oh, Mr. Spooner, you have no idea how much it meant to me when you kissed me last night."

"Really? I won five dollars on it myself"—Cornell Widow.

THE PRETTY GIRL AND THE
HALBERDIER WITH THE
SHARP BLADE.



I.
"Ah, what a pretty girl! What do I see? Is it for me that —"

Club Cocktails

A BOTTLED
DELIGHT



The finest cocktail in
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trouble of preparing it.

Accept no substitute.

Martini (gin base) and Man-
hattan (whiskey base) are the
most popular. At
all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

TEACHER.—Who succeeded Roose-
velt as President?

YOUNG INSURGENT.—He didn't
succeed, he followed.—Harvard Lam-
poon.

Allen's Foot-Ease

Shake Into Your Shoes

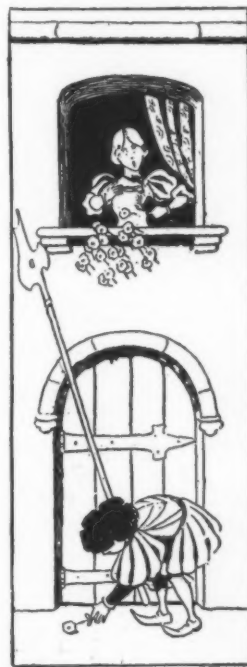


Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic
powder for the feet. It relieves
painful, swollen, smarting, tender, ner-
vous feet, and instantly takes the sting
out of corns and bunions. It's the
greatest comfort discovery of
the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes
tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a
certain relief for ingrowing nails, per-
spiring, callous and tired, aching feet.
We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY
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Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

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FREE TRIAL PACKAGE
sent by mail. Address,
ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

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America's Favorite
Champagne
An Easter Dinner Treat
You Cannot Afford to Miss
Equals the best French Wines
Costs but HALF
WHY?
"ALL WINE—NO DUTY"
Order a Case
Sold Everywhere
Special Dry-Brut
URBANA WINE CO.
Urbana, N. Y.
Sole Maker



Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters
are appetizing and healthful. Sample by mail, 25 cts.
in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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STUART'S PLAS-TR-PADS are different
from the painful truss, being made
self-adhesive purposely to hold the
rupture in place without straps,
buckles or springs—cannot slip,
as cannot cloth or compress
against the pelvic bone. The
most obstinate cases cured in the pri-
vacy of the home. Thousands have
successfully treated themselves without
hindrance from work. Soft as velvet—easy to
apply—inexpensive. Process of cure is natural,
so no further use for trusses. We prove what we
say by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely FREE. Write TODAY.
Address—PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 203, St. Louis, Mo.

SATISFACTORILY EXPLAINED.

"If you are looking for bargains,"
said the broker, "I can suit you. I can
offer you some stocks at ten cents
a share."

"But why are they so cheap?" de-
manded the lady shopper.

"You see, they have been slightly
damaged by water."—Pittsburg Post.

THE LOSER.—Do you think it's
wicked to play poker?

THE WINNER.—Yes, the way you
play it.—Toledo Blade.

ALWAYS THE SAME GOOD OLD
Blatz
Private Stock
MILWAUKEE
BLATZ
THE
FINEST
BEER
EVER BREWED
Blatz possesses
the nour-
ishing qualities of
bread, backed by
character and tonic
properties, that have
appealed to connois-
seurs for generations.
Ask for it at the Club, Cafe
or Buffet. Insist on Blatz.
Correspondence invited direct.
VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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Within easy access of every point of in-
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Five minutes' walk of Shopping District.
NOTED FOR: Excellence of cuisine,
comfortable appointments, courteous
service and homelike surroundings.

Rooms \$1.00 per day and up
\$1.50 per day and up
With privilege of Bath
EUROPEAN PLAN

Table d'Hote Breakfast . . . 50c
WM. TAYLOR & SON, Inc.



III.
"—she covers me with
flowers?"—Le Rive.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.



Love-Lorn Lyrics of a Lonesome Lad

GORDON ROSS

WHEREIN HE FEELS THE STIRRINGS OF HIS BETTER NATURE.

I 'VE seen them at dances and watched them at plays,
I've seen them at work in their various ways,
I've longed and I've hankered to meet them and land

A nice little girlie to hold by the hand.
I've talked with a few of the endless parade,
But somehow I've failed to win out with a maid;
I'm lonesome as ever, I'm lost in the crowd,
I wish I could weep, but of course I'm too proud,

The girls saunter past in a ravishing stream,
With cheeks like the roses or peaches and cream,

And other men saunter along at their side,
But I cannot saunter although I have tried.
The ones that I care for are ever remote,
There's nary a feminine hair on my coat:
I want to be loved, but I do not appear
To find any true heart that beats for me here.

Yet find one I will, for I'm weary as sin
Of being "outside" when I ought to be "in;"
And watching the Tessies and Totties and Sues

On other men's arms—well, it gives me the blues.

So I've got a new hunch on the way to proceed,
Just watch me hereafter and follow my lead:
I want a nice girl, and I'll finish my search
By getting up Sundays—and going to church!

Berton Braley.

For E

E

ITS go
the
condition
Delight
Spring a
C. H.

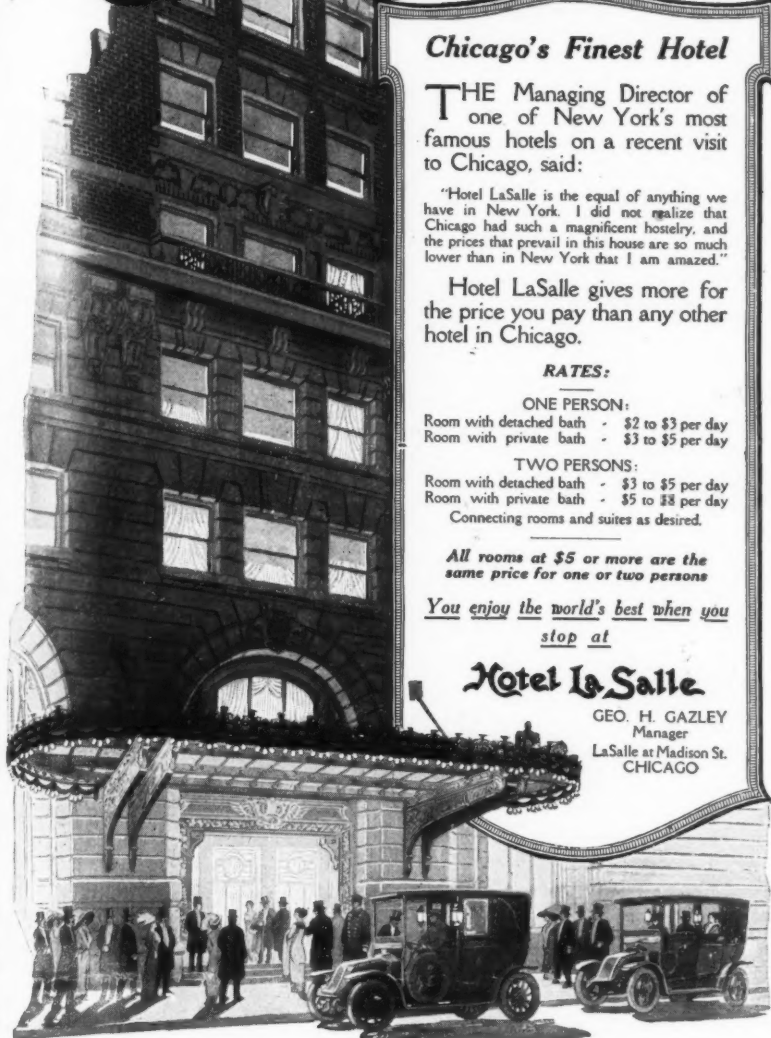
MR.
one of
Mrs.
say that
MR.
time.
the bea
—Toled

HENRY

PAB

22, 24 and 26
BRANCH WA

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Chicago's Finest Hotel

THE Managing Director of one of New York's most famous hotels on a recent visit to Chicago, said:

"Hotel LaSalle is the equal of anything we have in New York. I did not realize that Chicago had such a magnificent hostelry, and the prices that prevail in this house are so much lower than in New York that I am amazed."

Hotel LaSalle gives more for the price you pay than any other hotel in Chicago.

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Room with detached bath - \$2 to \$3 per day
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"The Old Reliable"

Brews will come and brews will go—have their little day—then vanish—but **Budweiser goes on forever**—everlasting **Quality, Purity and Mildness** is the reason.

Bottled only at the
Anheuser-Busch Brewery
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The Best Drink
For Everyone, Everywhere
All the Time

Evans' Ale

ITS goodness never changes. Always the same grand old Ale under all conditions, at all seasons, in all places. Delightfully refreshing and sustaining in Spring and Summertime.

On Tap and in Bottles and Spills.
C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.

FIRST CHOICE.

MR. JAWBACK.—My dear, I was one of the first to leave.

MRS. JAWBACK.—Oh, you always say that.

MR. JAWBACK.—I can prove it this time. Look out in the hall and see the beautiful umbrella I brought home.
—*Toledo Blade*.

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BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street.
All kinds of Paper made to order.



FAIR DIVISION OF LABOR.

"Remember, it's your turn to wash, and mine to say prayers to-night, Dorothy!"

—Punch.

Caroni Bitters—One (1) pony glass before meals. Best tonic & Appetizer. No home without it.
Oct. C. Blache & Co.,
78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrib.

THE OLD-TIME RELIGION.

PRESBYTERIAN ELDER.—Nae, my mon, there'll be nane o' they new-fangled methods in Heaven.

LISTENER.—I don't know how you can be sure.

ELDER.—Sure? Why, mon, gin they tried it, the whole Presbyterian kirk wad rise up an' gang oot in a body.—*Lippincott's*.

MISS CHATTERTON (*gushingly*).—What a magnificent great Dane! And, of course, his name is Hamlet?

MR. GAITY (*the owner*).—Not exactly. You see, I—er—could n't consistently use that name. The best I could do was to call her Ophelia!—*New Orleans Picayune*.



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Bitters

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THE BEST BITTER LIQUEUR

ADDS ZEST TO A GOOD DINNER

Try a glass of Underberg Boonekamp Bitters with sherry before dinner. It sharpens the appetite, paves the way for a full enjoyment of the meal, and aids digestion.
It's the only absolutely beneficial stimulant giving permanent results. Keep it on your sideboard all the time. Nothing is so refreshing after a period of fatigue.
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CIGARETTES
of a "vintage"



Nature poured the
fragrant treasure of
two summers into one
— she gave a richer
crop, — a "vintage"